

Horses and Friendship

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Summary: Based off a post made by @swanmills on tumblr. "honestly where's the swan queen au of emma and regina becoming friends in third grade because emma was an outcast for being new and poor and regina was an outcast for being the fucking horse girl"

Horses and Friendship

Emma was used to be picked on. She hopped from house to house. The foster care system was rough on her. No one wanted to keep her. Everyone returned her, or treated her like crap. Her current house was no different. There was more children than the adults knew what to do with. The adults didn't care if the kids went to school. They used the the government money on booze and drugs. They had parties at the house. They always cleaned up enough when a social worker would come, making sure they didn't get their license taken away.

"WAKE UP, YOU LITTLE BRAT." Emma's wake up call was less than ideal. She knew it was her first day of school. "I said, 'WAKE UP!' Now, get up. I know you ain't deaf. They woulda given us more money, if ya were." The wife wasn't completely trash, but her English skills were lacking. Emma was only 6, and she spoke better English than the wife did. Truthfully, Emma didn't care to learn their names. She was used to calling them Ma'am, and Sir. Hoping that would keep her off their bad sides most of the time.

Emma only had 3 outfits to wear. She had to convince one of the older kids to help her wash them because she was too young, and too short to use the washer and dryer herself. Her lunch was a brown paper bag with scraps. It's all she could manage to find before she was rushed out the door along with the other kids. There was 4 other children in her elementary school, 2 in middle school, and 2 technically in high school. The ones in high school never really went.

Emma was nervous about her first day. It was halfway into the school

year. Everyone already had their friends. Emma knew the drill; stay quiet, speak when spoken to, call the adults "Sir" or "Ma'am," don't be noticed, stay invisible, get solid grades that won't get the adults called in. Those were all the things that the older kids told her. All of them were just trying to survive.

"Emma, will you please stay up here, so I can introduce you to the class," the pixie haired teacher asked as Emma stepped into the room.

"Y- yes, Ma'am," Emma shyly replied. She never liked being introduced. She despised it. It meant that the kids would know that she's a foster kid, and that no one wants her. It always opened her up to the ridicule. Kids were vicious, especially if a kid is new. Even more so if the new kid is also extremely poor. Emma was, and she knew that the other kids could see it too.

After all the other kids were seated at their desks, the teacher stood up, and gently ushered Emma in front of the teacher's desk. "Class, I would like to introduce you to our new student. Her name is Emma Swan. Please, be nice, and greet her with the kindness I know you all have. Emma, your desk is next to Regina," she told Emma, while pointing to a cute little brunette wearing a horse sweater. "Regina, will you help Emma get situated?"

"Yes, Ms. Blanchard," Regina answered eagerly. "Hi! I'm Regina. It's nice to meet you Emma. Do you like horses? I love horses. I have one. His name is Rocinante. Do you want to see a picture of him? I got him for Christmas. Isn't he beautiful?" Regina had shoved the picture of her horse into Emma's face, practically flailing it.

Emma never got the chance to say anything in response because just after Regina had finished speaking, Ms. Blanchard began the class. It wasn't long before it was lunch time. Emma always dreaded it. She never knew where to sit. It was always a struggle. Some schools had assigned seating for each class, some schools you could sit wherever. Emma was shaken out of her thoughts by the crazy brunette in the horse sweater.

"Hello? Earth to Em-ma," the brunette practically yelled, waving her hands in front of the blonde's face. "I asked if you wanted to sit with me. I have an extra seat at my table."

Emma didn't want to sound too excited. She thought that it might be a big joke on her, but she didn't want to sit alone if it wasn't. "Sure. I don't have anywhere else to sit," Emma joked. She hoped she came off as charming, or witty. Regina seemed to be one of the popular girls, and Emma had never been apart of that before. She wanted so desperately to fit in for once.

When they arrived at the table that Regina sat at daily, Emma was a bit surprised to find that Regina sits alone. "This is," Emma cut herself off. She could see the sadness in Regina's eyes. It was the same sadness that Emma saw in herself every time she looked in the mirror. The sadness of rejection. "This is such a great table to sit at. Clearly everyone is just jealous of it's placement." Emma saw the instant relief wash over the brunette's face.

They both sat down at the table, and laid out their lunches. Emma only had a couple pieces of crusts, a questionable apple, and a juice

box. Regina, on the other hand, had more food than she needed. Her nanny always gave her a bunch of food.

Emma eyed Regina's food greedily, hoping she wouldn't notice. The food looked so elegant. Please don't notice me staring. How come no one seems to be friends with her? She seems so popular. She's so pretty. Emma was shaken out of her thoughts by someone speaking.

"Hey Regina, I see you finally made a friend that wasn't a horse," a kid in their class calls out to her.

"Shut up, Killian," Regina yells back, tears filling her eyes. It was then that Emma knew why no one sat with her. It was because she loves horses.

Killian walked up to the table just then. "What did you say, pony lover?"

Before Emma could stop what she was doing, she was about to break a rule. "She said, 'shut up, Killian,' or are you deaf?" Kids around them gasped, as they started listening in to the argument that was taking place.

Killian's head whipped from the brunette to the blonde in an instant, surprised that the new girl would stick up for someone she just met. "And who do you think you are, huh? I heard about you. You live in that run down house in south Storybrooke. The one with the bad adults. The one our parents threaten to send us to. The one that-" Killian was cut off when Ms. Blanchard popped her head into the cafeteria, obviously searching for someone. When he realized she was coming to the table he was currently at, he made sure to leave quickly.

"Ah, there you are Emma, I was hoping you found someone to sit with. It must be hard to move around so much. I hope that you're here for awhile. You will love it here," Ms. Blanchard raved to her. Clearly, she loved this town. That much was obvious.

After Ms. Blanchard left, Regina and Emma went about their lunches, with what little time they had left of it.

"Thanks for sticking up for me. You didn't have to. No one ever does." Regina tried to act cool, but she was currently fighting back tears. No one had ever stood up for her, and it really did mean a lot to her.

"It was no problem. I wish I had someone to stick up for me at my other schools." Emma was fighting the same conflict. She could see the determination in Regina's eyes. She could tell that Regina would make it up to her. She saw loyalty in her eyes. "Can I have some of your sandwich?"

Regina couldn't help, but crack a smile. If this blonde girl could stand up for her, having just met her a few hours earlier, she could definitely share her food. "Only if you listen to the story I want to tell you about my most recent horse racing competition."

Emma, most certainly, did not care about horses in the slightest, but she wanted to be Regina's friend, so she decided to suck it up. _How

long can a person be obsessed with something like this, anyway?_
"Deal."

End
file.